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OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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A Rare Gem Re-Set.

The Golden Ringlet.

BY THE LATE MRS. A. B. WELBY.

Here is a little golden tress
Of soft unbraided hair,
The all that's left of levelness
That once was thought so fair,
And yet, though time has dimm'd its sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
My spirit and the dead.

Yet, from this shining ringlet still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sends a thrill
Through all its trembling strings;
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
For eighteen years, like sunshine, slept
This golden curl of hair.

Oh, sunny tress! the joyous brow
Where thou didst lightly wave
With all thy sister tresses, now
Lies cold within the grave.
That cheek is of its bloom bereft,
That eye no more is gay;
Of all her beauties thou art left
A solitary ray.

Four years have passed, this very June,
Since last we fondly met—
Four years! and yet it seems too soon
To let the heart forget—
Too soon to let that lovely face
From our sad thoughts depart,
And to another give the place
She held within the heart.

Her memory still within my mind
Retains its sweetest power;
It is the perfume left behind,
To whisper of the flower.
Each blossom that in moments gone
Bound up this sunny curl,
Recalls the form, the look, the tone
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain
O'er beds of violets hung;
Her voice the prelude to a strain
Before the song is sung;
Her life, 'twas like a half-blown flower
Closed e'er the shades of even;
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour
That opens the gate of Heaven.

A single tress—how light a thing
To sway such magic art,
And bid each soft remembrance spring
Like blossoms in the heart!
It leads me back to days of old—
To her I loved so long,
Whose locks out-shone pollucid gold,
Whose lips o'erflowed with song.

Since then I've heard a thousand lays
From lips as sweet as hers;
Yet when I strive to give them praise,
I only gave them tears.
I could not bear, amid the throng
Where jest and laughter rung,
To hear another sing the song
That trembled on her tongue.

A single shining tress of hair
To bid such memories start!
But tears are on its lustre—there
I lay it on my heart.
Oh! when in death's cold arms I sink,
Who, then with gentle care,
Will keep for me a dark brown link—
A ringlet of my hair!

A String of Pearls.

We always find mercy behind a cloud if we look for it.

ATONEMENT for injuries is never disgraceful, but honorable.

GUESTS are often invited to witness the ostentation of the host.

MAN harm others by their deeds, themselves by their thoughts.

MRS EDGEMOUTH says: "How virtuous shall we be, when we have no name for vice."

No really brave and generous hearted man ever nourished vindictive feelings.

FREEDOM is the chief blessing worth living for, and the aspiration worth dying for.

POLITICS is the art of being wise for others; "policy" is the art of being wise for one's self.

CHANCE.—Never let us say of anything whatsoever, that it happened by chance: there is nothing that hath not been concerted—nothing that hath not in its own particular design and end, by which it forms a link in the chain of appointed order. There is no such thing as chance. It is only the blindness of ignorance that talketh of things being strange, and unaccountable, and unlucky.—S. Basil.

Story for the Home Circle.

Circumstantial Evidence.

A certain Dr. —, some years ago, travelling in the west, became acquainted, on board of a steamboat, with a Mr. Hamilton who had been a member of the Legislature from his district, and was again a candidate for that office. After passing their time pleasantly, and becoming well acquainted with each other in course of the trip, Hamilton, on landing, invited the Doctor to pass to his house in the village, which was kept by his sister, and tarry with him, while he remained in that part of the country.

The Doctor remained with them a short time, and then departed on the land inspecting tour, into the interior, which was the object of his visit to the west.

On leaving the village on horseback, Hamilton accompanied the Doctor to show him his way; but becoming interested in the conversation of his companion, and not being particularly engaged at home, he continued with him until late in the afternoon, when coming to a number of branching roads, they lost their way.

After journeying on until dark, in hope of reaching some house, where they might obtain the requisite direction, they reached, just at nightfall, the banks of a river, on which they found the encampment of three stout laboring wayfarers with their families and wagons. They asked permission to spend the night with the party, and spent a portion of it around the fire, engaged in conversation on their various plans of emigration and settlement.

At daylight, preparations were made for separation, and the Doctor received from one of the three men the direction of the desired road. He told him there were two roads, called the "upper" and "lower" roads, but the "lower" one was that which he should take. He took the one advised, and started with Hamilton. They went a short distance together, when Hamilton bade him good-bye, and left him. But before he departed the Doctor told Hamilton that he knew he was in embarrassed circumstances, and wished to aid him if he could. He offered to give him \$500. This Hamilton refused, but finally accepted as a loan for a short time. He felt grateful for this kindness, and to reciprocate his good will according to his humble means, took a breast-pin from his shirt, and gave it to the Doctor, and said jocularly, that he hoped to see it some day adorning the bosom of some fair daughter of the West. In return for this, the Doctor took a pen knife from his pocket, on which was a silver plate with his name engraved on it, and on parting, gave it to Hamilton.

Hamilton had gone but a short distance from the spot where he left the doctor, when he heard the sharp report of a rifle, and immediately after a deer bounded out before him and fell dead on the road. Hamilton got off his horse, to examine the animal, and, in doing so, got the cuffs of his shirt sleeves and his pantaloons and waistcoat bloody. He again mounted his horse and reached home. As soon as he did so, he changed his clothes, and gave them to his sister to wash, desiring her to do it at once.

That day he went round his village and collected together his various bills, which he paid. At night, after closing his office he stopped at the village tavern, on his way to see a lady to whom he was engaged to be married. Several persons came in while he was there, and declared that a murdered man had been found on a certain road. Hamilton immediately exclaimed "Heaven's!—it must be my friend the Doctor!"

From the tavern he continued on his way to the house of his betrothed, and while there, her father came in with three police officers who arrested him for murder.

He was taken to prison, and was told the circumstances that led to suspecting him. He was told that it was known he had left the town with the doctor, and was the last person seen with him; that he had been in difficulties before his return, but had on that day paid all his debts—that his pistol and breast-pin had been found beside the body of the murdered doctor; that a knife, with the doctor's name on it, was found in his pocket; that he had pretended to lose his way in a country which was well known to him; and, finally, that he had come home with blood stains on his clothes, which he had given to his sister with orders to wash immediately.

On hearing this story recounted, Hamilton threw up his hands and exclaimed—that he "was a lost man."

He was tried, convicted and sentenced. The day for his execution arrived, but Hamilton was too ill to receive the final action of the law, and was respited. Before this respite had expired, Hamilton died in prison.

All these facts had of course satisfied the public mind that the verdict was just, and that Hamilton was the murderer—but about three years afterwards, one of the three men with whom our travellers had bivouacked on the bank of the river, was tried and convicted in the far west of murder. Before his execution, he confessed that he was the person who had slain the doctor—that he had

stolen Hamilton's pistol, (with which he committed the murder, and left it by the Doctor's body,) from his holster during the night, and after he had heard in the chat around the camp fire that the Doctor had money with him, and was engaged in the purchase of land.—Balt. Patriot.

Stick to Some one Pursuit.

There cannot be a greater error than to be frequently changing one's business. If any man will look around and notice who have got rich and who have not, out of those he started life with, he will find that the successful have generally stuck to some one pursuit.

Two lawyers, for example, begin to practice at the same time. One devotes his whole mind to his profession; and waits patiently, it may be for years, till he gains an opportunity to show his superiority. The other, tiring of such slow work, dashes into politics. Generally, at the end of twenty years, the latter will not be worth a penny, while the former will have a handsome practice, and count his tens of thousands in bank stock or mortgages.

Two clerks attain a majority simultaneously. One remains with his former employer, or at least in the same line of trade, at first on a small salary, then on a larger, until finally, if he is meritorious, he is taken into partnership. The other thinks it beneath him to fill a subordinate position, now that he has become a man, and accordingly starts in some other business on his own account, or undertakes a new firm in the old line of trade. Where does he end? Often in insolvency, rarely in riches. To this every merchant can testify.

A young man is bred a mechanic. He acquires a distaste for his trade, however, thinks it is a tedious way to get ahead, and sets out for the West or for California. But, in most cases the same restless, discontented and speculative spirit, which carried him away at first, renders continuous application at any one place irksome to him; and so he goes wandering about the world a sort of semi-civilized Arab, really a vagrant in character, and sure to die insolvent. Meantime his fellow apprentice, who has staid at home, practising economy and working steadily at his trade, has grown comfortable in his circumstances, and is even perhaps a citizen of mark.

There are men of ability in every walk of life, who are notorious for never getting along. Usually it is because they never stick to any one business. Just when they have mastered one pursuit, and are on the point of making money, they change it for another, which they do not understand; and, in a little while, what little they are worth is lost for ever. We know scores of such persons. Go where you will, generally find that the men who have failed in life are those who never stuck to one thing long. On the other hand, your prosperous man, nine times out of ten, has always stuck to one pursuit.—Ledger.

Good Advice.

Never believe, much less propagate an ill report about your neighbor, without good evidence of its truth. Never listen to an infamous story handed to you by a man who is a known enemy of the person who is defamed, or is himself infamous for discord among brethren and excite disturbance among society. Never utter the evil which you know or suspect of another, till you have had an opportunity to expostulate with him. Never speak evil of another while you are under the operation of envy or malevolence, but wait till your spirits are cooled down, that you may better judge whether to utter or suppress the matter. Never express the evil you would say of your neighbor in terms too strong, or in language that would convey an exaggerated idea of his conduct. Never throw out against a man broken hints and dark insinuations, which would leave the hearers to suspect anything that ill nature can suggest. Never speak of your own enemy who wishes for an occasion to slander; for he certainly will paint the image anew, and touch it off with bolder colors. In short never speak evil of a man when your speaking may probably do much hurt, but cannot possibly do much good.

This youth who follows his appetites too soon seizes the cup, before it has received its best ingredients and by anticipating his pleasures, robs the remaining parts of life of their share, so that his eagerness only produces a maudlin of imbecility and an age of pain.

The man of genius thinks for himself; his opinions are sometimes contrary to those commonly received; he therefore shocks the vanity of the greater number. They offend nobody, we should have no ideas but those of the world; as a man is then without genius and without enemies.

An old lady once said that her idea of a great man was: "A man who was keener of his clothes, did not drink spirits, kin read the Bible without spellin' the words and kin eat a cold dinner on washday, to save the wimmen folks to the trouble of cooking"

He who swears, informs us that his bare word is not to be credited.

Miscellaneous Reading.

Miseries of Heathenism.

Go for a moment in imagination to the great temple of Juggernaut, at Orissa. Every year more than a million of persons visit this celebrated spot. The aged, the weak, and the sick, undertake this pilgrimage as a remedy for all evils. It is no uncommon occurrence, says one of our missionaries to that place, to see thousands of miserable, worn-out pilgrims, with a patience and fortitude worthy of a better cause, binding their tattered garments round their lacerated feet, and go groaning along with bending back, tottering steps, emaciated forms, and dull, sunken eyes, from day to day, and week to week, until they obtain the object their painful toils, a view of Juggernaut. Nor is it a matter of wonder that a vast multitude sink under their miseries; for it is generally the case, as soon as one of the party fails, that his companions leave him, without the least commiseration to his fate. These poor wretches are, almost without exception, thrown out upon the village Goigothia, to be devoured by dogs, birds, &c. I have several times passed over this piece of ground, and the skulls and bones exceed calculation. The fact of dogs, jackals and vultures living on human prey is familiar to ever inhabitant of Orissa. If the pilgrim lives to leave Juggernaut, he has a long journey before him, and his means of support are often almost, if not quite, exhausted. The work of death then becomes rapid, and the route of the pilgrims may be traced by the bones left by the jackals and vultures. The country near the temple seems suddenly to have been visited by pestilence and famine. Dead bodies are seen in every direction. Dogs, jackals and vultures are seen watching the last moments of the dying pilgrim, and not unfrequently hastening his fate. Such is known to be the mortality among pilgrims, that a Hindoo of property makes his will before he sets out on his journey, and takes a most affectionate farewell of his disconsolate relations. It is supposed that above 2,000 die annually on pilgrimage to different holy places. In the immediate precincts of the holy city in which Juggernaut resides, are to be seen crowds of devotees; some remain all day with their heads on the ground and their feet in the air; others with their whole bodies covered with earth; some cramming their eyes with mud and their mouths with straw. One has his foot tied to his neck, or a pot of fire on his breast; another is enveloped in a net work of ropes. On the high festival day, when Juggernaut is dragged forth from his temple, and mounted on his lofty car in the presence of hundreds of thousands, who rend the air with shouts of "Victory to Juggernaut our Lord!" the public services are commenced by the officiating high priest, who is stationed in front of the idol by loathsome pantomic exhibitions, and by filthy, blasphemous songs. But is not until some poor victim of superstition casts himself under the wheels of his ponderous car, and is crushed to death, that this horrid car, as he is styled, is said to smile.

The heathen are constantly in the practice of performing great self-tortures upon themselves. I will mention a few of these. Some roll their bodies on the ground for hundreds of miles. The Rev. Mr. Haver gives an account of an Indian devotee who spent more than nine years on a journey from Benares to Cape Comorin, that is from the 27th to the 7th degree of north latitude. The whole journey is made by rolling on the bare ground from one side to the other, about three miles each day. His family accompanied him and ministered to his wants. Some throw themselves from a high wall, a second story of a house, often twenty or thirty feet in height, upon iron spikes, or knives stuck in a bag or mattress of straw. Many in this way are often cruelly mangled and lacerated. In some instances the issue proves fatal. Sometimes bundles of thorns and other firewood are accumulated among which the devotees roll themselves uncovered. The materials are next raised into a pile and set on fire. Then the devotees dance briskly over the embers, and fling them into the air with their naked hands, or toss them at one another. Some betake themselves to a vertical wheel, twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and raised considerably above the ground. They bind themselves to the outer rim in a sitting posture, so that when the wheel rolls round, their head points alternately to the zenith and the nadir. One other species of torture I must mention. The deluded votaries enter into a vow. With one hand they cover their under lips with a layer of wet earth or mud. On this with the other hand they deposit some small grains, usually mustard-seed. They then stretch themselves flat on their backs, exposed to the dripping dews of night and the blazing sun by day. And their vow is, that from that fixed position they will not stir—will neither move, nor turn, or eat, nor drink—till the seed planted on their lips begin to sprout or germinate. This vegetable process usually takes place on the third or fourth day after which, being released from their vow, they arise, as they doatingly imagine and believe laden with a vast accession of holiness and supererogatory merit.—Dr. Scudder.

Grace in Female Dress.

Somebody has said that a Parisian grisette, with a little tulle and ribbon, will conquer the world, while an Englishwoman, will all her shawls, damasks and diamonds, look only like an animated clotheshorse. There is some exaggeration in this statement, but more wit, and still more truth. The women of France unquestionably have a better taste in dress than those of Great Britain or America. In both our mother country and this, there is too much of what may be called "snobism in female" attire. The ladies of Anglo-Saxondom seem to fancy that the more they spend the prettier they look. Accordingly one sees a little woman covered all over with lace, or buried in the middle of stiff brocade, or almost lost to sight under a puffing velvet cloak, with capes that extend on either side, like gigantic wings. Or one beholds tall women, if such is the fashion, tricked out in tight sleeves and striped silks, the costliness of the material being regarded by the wearer as sufficient compensation for the incongruity of the styles. A French servant girl has better taste. She knows it is not so much the richness of the material as the way it is made up, and the manner in which it is worn, that gives the desired elegance. A neat fit, a graceful bearing, and a proper harmony between the complexion and the colours, has more to do with brightening female attractions than even American ladies seem particularly to comprehend. Many a wife looks prettier, if she would but know it, in her neat morning frock of calico, than in the incongruous pile of finery which she dignifies with the title of full dress. Many an unmarried female first wins the heart of her future husband in some simple, unpretending attire, which, if consulted about, she would pronounce too cheap except for ordinary wear, but which, by its accidental suitability to her figure, face and carriage, idolize her youth wonderfully. If the sex would study taste in dress more, and care less for expense, they would have no reason to regret it. At present the extravagance of American females is proverbial. We wish we could say as much of their elegance in the same line.

A SNOW ARCH.—The newspaper called the "State of Maine," published in Portland, says that one of the greatest curiosities ever witnessed at the White Mountains is now to be found at Tuckerman's Ravine, about three miles from the Glen House. It consists of an arch of pure snow, spanning the brook that tumbles over the rocks from the summits of the mountains. The ravine is the receptacle of all the snow that blows from the top of Mount Washington, and there can be no doubt that during the winter it accumulates to the depth of several hundred feet. As the brook begins to run in the spring it wears its way through under the snow, which gradually melts away at the approach of summer, making the cavity larger. On the 16th of July this ravine was visited by several gentlemen, one of them being an engineer, by whom the arch was measured. It was found to be 180 feet long, 84 wide, and 40 feet high, on the inside, and 226 feet long and 40 feet wide on the outside. The snow forming the arch is twenty feet thick. Gentlemen walked through the arch in the bed of the brook, and ate their dinner at the foot of the cataract, which falls a thousand feet down the side of the mountains. The arch is on the south-east side of the mountain, and is exposed to the rays of the sun during most of the day. Last year it remained until August 16th, when a warm rain of several days' continuance melted it away.

PREVALENCE OF BALDNESS.—Baldness seems to befall much younger men than it did thirty or forty years ago. A very observant hatter informed us, a short time since, that he imagined much of it was owing to the common use of wearing silk hats, which from their impermeability to the air, keep the head at a much higher temperature than the old beaver structures which, he also informed, us went out principally because he had used up all the beavers in the Hudson Bay Company's territories. The adoption of silk hats has however given them time, it seems, to replenish the breed. This fact affords singular instance of the influence of fashion upon the animals of a remote continent. It would be more singular still if the silk-hat theory of baldness has any truth in it, as it would then turn out that we were sacrificing our own natural nap in order that the beaver may recover his. Without endorsing the speculative opinion of our hatter, we may, we believe, state it as a well ascertained circumstance, that soldiers in helmeted regiments are oftener bald than any other of our heroic defenders.—Quarterly Review.

THE Aeronauts who went up at Hartford on the Fourth, say that, as they reached a great height over the river, the water became perfectly pellucid, and they could see any object in it, even to the bottom, as distinctly as they could look through clear water in a glass.

What is the difference between there being conscience enough in all women, and woman enough in all conscience?

The Miller's Boy and his Bible.

"The entrance of thy Word giveth light," I returned, says a Swedish colporteur, thro' a village where there are several water-mills. A Bible had been purchased from me there three year since by a miller's boy, who, not long before had fallen into the water and had narrowly escaped being crushed by a mill-wheel. Snatched wonderfully from death, John, this miller lad, had at the time begun to be concerned about the salvation of his soul. Hence the purchase which he made of a Bible. He read that sacred book, and was fervent in prayers. The Lord heard his prayers and he became a staunch confessor of the truth as it is in Jesus. He was not long in becoming the object of persecutions from the miller, the miller's wife, comrades, and persons who frequented the mill. All were determined to render it impossible for him to read the Bible; but the Lord watched over him. Shortly afterward, Andrew, the miller's son, a young man of twenty years of age, a victim to habits of impiety and dissipation, became likewise a follower of the Saviour. This happened in the following manner:

John was Andrew's assistant at the mill. Originally, they were the best friends in the world; but since John's conversion, Andrew employed all sorts of suggestions, artifices, threatenings, and even violence, to plunge his comrade into a disorderly life. All his efforts were ineffectual. One day, while John was busy out of doors, Andrew, who was alone in the mill, took John's Bible for the purpose of casting it into the river; however, just as he was about to throw it in he opened the Bible mechanically, and this passage caught his eye: "Two shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left"—Matt. 24: 24. This declaration struck his conscience with the rapidity of lightning; it took possession of his heart; and under the weight of an inexpressible emotion, he placed the Bible again in John's chamber. Dating from this moment, Andrew became a new man; thereafter he showed himself to be a sincere servant of Christ. United from that time in heart and with one another, John and Andrew, young as they were, soon became, in the hands of God, instruments of religious awakening in the village and surrounding neighborhood.

Support Your Local Paper.

The local press is emphatically the representative and the exponent of the local interests, wants and wishes of each community, and on its energy and watchfulness the community rely. Each community should first see that its local press is put upon a firm and substantial footing, which can only be done by a steady and liberal patronage.

If each member of a community would become a paying subscriber to the paper of his own town and county, six months would not elapse before the enlargement and improvements which would take place in our papers would enable each person to dispense with one or more Northern papers, without finding his facilities for intelligence in the least diminished.

A people commit no greater error than that of permitting their local press to languish by reason of an inadequate support. Never say your country paper is small and not worth taking; give it the support to which it is entitled and it will be immediately enlarged and improved so as to meet the full expectations and wants of a community in which it is located. We believe that publishers are generally liberal in responding to a liberal patronage by the improvement of their papers, as appreciation of such liberality.

If a man is able to take but one paper, that should be the one published nearest to his place of residence, and the next should be the one published at the commercial metropolis of his own State. For local and State interests he will have rendered himself able to consult his taste as to the paper he will lean upon for amusement or additional reading from abroad.

Never Forget Your Mother.

The editor of the Lawrence Courier, referring to the Death of the Hon. John Davis, remarks, that he owed much to the personal suggestion and advice of the Ex-Governor, kindly and earnestly bestowed in earlier years and adds: "The last council we received from him was characteristic of the man: it was on the deck of a vessel that lay with loosened sails and shortened cable, that we, still in boyhood, just commencing years in wandering and hardship, received a parting grasp of his pure hand with these words:—'God bless you! Remember what I've said; and wherever you go, NEVER FORGET YOUR MOTHER!' What better charge could be given a lad launching forth on life's deceitful tide, where the chart and compass of his young head and heart must be his only protection from shipwreck. Many years have passed away, and that good man has finished his voyage of time; he has disappeared down the dark stream of death, and we doubt not, has reached that celestial heaven, where the storms of earth are never known, and has exchanged the anchor symbol which he ever carried at the prow during life, for blissful realization.